

My World

[Cyndi Thomson](#)

My world is one long hot day in Georgia
Till the moon shines through the pines
And my world is sweet as the honeysuckle
Hangin' from the vine What's it like in your world, baby?
Won't you let me in?
What's it like in your world, baby?
Maybe our worlds can meet again You drove through town on your way to somewhere
Just like everybody does
You stopped for gas and a bag o' peaches
And we talked just long enough What's it like in your world, baby?
Won't you let me in?
What's it like in your world, baby?
Maybe our worlds can meet again I wanna go where I've never been
An' let the wind blow through my hair
I wanna know what it's like to take a road
Just because it's there My world turns slow as molasses
And you drove away so fast
You disappeared down route eighty-seven
Where there ain't no comin' back What's it like in your world, baby?
Won't you let me in?
What's it like in your world, baby?
Maybe our worlds can meet again

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